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being driven by three soldiers to become army recruits. The men had apparently been taken from the fields—at least they had their sickles in their hands. War never seemed a more despicable thing than here, where it sends these simple-hearted farmers off to fight for a government that has already robbed them of a large per cent of their labor."

... Rev. Fred Alban Weil, of Bellingham, Washington, has addressed a letter to President Wilson, suggesting as a step toward universal peace that the custom of saluting the President and other officers by the firing of guns be changed to an appropriate salute with the flag. He says: "Let the firing of salutes for the President and all others be abolished, and instead be substituted the display of a special flag, or the dipping of the national colors in such manner as may be prescribed. \* \* \* I trust that the office will be honored no less by the substituting of the flag for the gun." It is estimated that the cost of a Presidential salute is about \$12,000, and that in the course of a year \$100,000 are thus unnecessarily expended. Mr. Weil's position is that this is all a mere matter of custom sanctioned only by military rules, a mere sentiment handed down from the musty past.

### President Wilson's Appeal at Gettysburg, July 4, 1913.

"FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: I need not tell you what the battle of Gettysburg meant. These gallant men in blue and gray sit all about us here. Many of them met here upon this ground in grim and deadly struggle. Upon these famous fields and hillsides their comrades died about them. In their presence it were an impertinence to discourse upon how the battle went, how it ended, what it signified! But fifty years have gone by since then, and I crave the privilege of speaking to you for a few minutes of what those fifty years have meant."

After referring to the heritage of the past and to the difficulties of the present, the President continued:

"May we break camp now and be at ease? Are the forces that fight for the nation dispersed, disbanded, gone to their homes forgetful of the common cause? Are our forces disorganized, without constituted leaders and the might of men consciously united because we contend, not with armies, but with principalities and powers and wickedness in high places? Are we content to lie still? Does our union mean sympathy, our peace contentment, our vigor right action, our maturity self-comprehension and a clear confidence in choosing what we shall do? War fitted us for action, and action never ceases.

"I have been chosen the leader of the nation. I cannot justify the choice by any qualities of my own, but so it has come about, and here I stand. Whom do I command? The ghostly hosts who fought upon these battlefields long ago and are gone? These gallant gentlemen stricken in years, whose fighting days are over, their glory won? What are the orders for them, and who rallies them? I have in my mind another host, whom these set free of civil strife in order that they might work out in days of peace and settled order the life of a great nation. That host is the people themselves, the

great and the small, without class or difference of kind or race or origin; and undivided in interest, if we have but the vision to guide and direct them and order their lives aright in what we do. Our constitutions are their articles of enlistment. The orders of the day are the laws upon our statute books. What we strive for is their freedom, their right to lift themselves from day to day and behold the things they have hoped for, and so make way for still better days for those whom they love who are to come after them. The recruits are the little children crowding in. The quartermaster's stores are in the mines and forests and fields, in the shops and factories. Every day something must be done to push the campaign forward, and it must be done by plan and with an eye to some great destiny.

"How shall we hold such thoughts in our hearts and not be moved? I would not have you live even today wholly in the past, but would wish to stand with you in the light that streams upon us now out of that great day gone by. Here is the nation God has builded by our hands. What shall we do with it? Who stands ready to act again and always in the spirit of this day of reunion and hope and patriotic fervor? The day of our country's life has but broadened into morning. Do not put uniforms by. Put the harness of the present on. Lift your eyes to the great tracts of life yet to be conquered in the interest of righteous peace, of that prosperity which lies in a people's hearts and outlasts all wars and errors of men. Come, let us be comrades and soldiers yet to serve our fellow-men in quiet counsel, where the blare of trumpets is neither heard nor heeded and where the things are done which make blessed the nations of the world in peace and righteousness and love."

### The Evolution of Patriotism.

By Paul B. Blanshard, University of Michigan.

(Prize oration in Intercollegiate Peace Association contest at Lake Mohonk, May 15, 1913.)

Robert Southey has asked through the lips of a little child the greatest peace question that the world has known. He pictures a summer evening on the old battlefield of Blenheim. On a chair before his vine-clad cottage sat old Kaspar, while his grandchildren—Wilhelmine and Peterkin—played on the lawn. Suddenly Peterkin from a near-by brook unearthed a skull and, running, brought it to Kaspar's knee. The old man took the gruesome thing from the boy and told him that this had been the head of a man killed in the great battle of Blenheim. Then little Wilhelmine looked up into her grandfather's face and said:

"Now tell us all about the war.  
And what they fought each other for."

Here we have the central question in the problem of war. Why do men fight? Through the answer to that question lies the path to world peace.

Few men fight today for glory. Modern militarism has no place for Lancelots and Galahads. The glory of the regiment has absorbed the glory of the individual. Few men fight today to gain great wealth. The treasures that glittered before Pizarro do not tempt our soldiers. Material wealth is more easily won in factory or farm or mill. Few men fight today for religion. The conquest of religion has become a conquest of peace;

the very ideal of peace is an end of religion itself. Glory, wealth, religion—these are no longer the causes of war. Then why do men fight? The answer is obvious. Men fight today for patriotism. Patriotism is the cause of war.

The next step in our reasoning is more difficult. If patriotism is the cause of war, how shall we treat the cause to destroy the result? Shall we attempt to abolish patriotism as Tolstoi would have us do, or shall we try to change its nature so that war as a natural result will be impossible? To answer these questions we must study patriotism from its very beginnings. We must ask: What is patriotism? Where did it come from? What place has it in our life?

Observe first the simplest cell of life, the *amœba*. We can watch it through the microscope. It is so tiny that it keeps house in a drop of water. It has neither emotion nor consciousness, in the human sense. It lives a while and then splits in two to form other cells that have no connection with each other. Yet this infinitesimal bit of life has an instinct, the instinct to save itself. Watch an *amœba* as fire is brought near! It immediately moves away. Its every act is regulated by this one instinct, self-preservation.

Now, let us leave the microscope and go outdoors. Over there is a bird in a tree top feeding its young in a nest. Suppose that a fire should suddenly consume the tree. Would the mother bird fly away in safety? No; it would die on its nest in the effort to save its young. There is more than self-preservation here. The scientist will tell you that the instinct has expanded to include the preservation of the offspring.

And now turn to primitive man. The recent excavations in Sussex will give us a picture of him. He is a wild, guerilla-like figure that creeps beneath the trees. He can leap with lightning force on his prey. He drapes his body with bear skins and eats meat from fingers that end in claws. And yet, with all his savage ferocity, this is more than an animal. This is a man. In his breast there stir the instincts of a man. In his life we see the vital element of patriotism, love. His little, savage family is more precious to him than all the world. He will fight and die not only for self-preservation, but for those who to him are "brother and sister and mother." This is the stamp of the human. This is the potentially divine.

But as the storms of war beat about these little savage families the sense of common danger welded them into one. Out of grim necessity friendship came, and friendship gave birth to patriotism. Loyalty and sacrifice were not limited to the family; men fought and died for their tribe.

And now let us turn the microscope upon ourselves. We would fight for our country. We say because we love our country. We call that feeling patriotism. It is more extended than the savage love of tribe; it gives loyalty to a great government and democratic principles. We speak of that feeling as divine, but it is terribly human. Its expression is the same harsh ferocity that inspired the life of the savage.

Tomorrow America goes to war. In great, black type we read the call for men, and a sense of common danger thrills us. In the evening by a street lamp's glare we watch a passionate agitator, who points to a flag that we have learned to love. The tramp, tramp of passing

regiments and the sound of martial music thrill us. We lay down our tool or pen and march to the front. And then comes the first engagement. The air is blackened with rifle smoke; the roar of cannonry deafens us. Dazed, we crouch behind an earthwork, while the enemy creeps through the smoke. Suddenly they charge. We fire, but they surge on through the smoke. They mount the earthwork. We leap together. Men scream hoarsely! Musket butts crash! Daggers plunge into quivering flesh! Divine feeling! Glorious patriotism!

The passing of this savage patriotism is inevitable. The whole course of nature is against it. The very history of development will tell you that. Loyalty has never been an immutable thing. It has been a ceaseless and irresistible growth from the individual to the family, to the tribe, to the nation. The time for a world patriotism has come. Why should men limit their loyalty by a row of stones and trees that we call a boundary? Why are men patriots anyway except to save their privileges and their government? The primitive patriot had no choice but to fight. He was put down in a little plot of cleared ground, hemmed in by mighty forests, and made to hew out a home in a vast world of enemies. But how far we have come from him! The twentieth century world is a little world. Our earth is like an open book. We have cut through the jungle wastes of Africa; we have photographed the poles. We sell and buy things from Greenland and Java. In such a civilization war patriotism has no place. It is no longer the only guide to self-preservation; it has become the most terrible instrument of self-destruction. And for just this reason war patriotism must go. It runs counter to the whole trend of nature itself. It is diametrically opposed to the mission of patriotism in the world. Just as those little savage families joined hands in tribal loyalty, just as the scattered clans and tribes united under national government, so nations must clasp hands around the globe in a new spirit of "worldism" that shall make war impossible.

But we cannot gain a world spirit by a sudden destruction of our patriotism. We will never usher in tranquillity with a crash. The nihilism of Tolstoi would plunge us into lawlessness and anarchy, for the chief element of patriotism we must keep. What is that element, you ask? It is the willingness of the individual to sacrifice his welfare for the welfare of the group. There we have the stem of the world spirit of tomorrow. But the blossom will not burst forth in a night. It must come by an unfolding and a growth. We cannot climb to universal peace upon a golden ladder and cut the rungs beneath us. Evolution builds on the past. The final spirit of "worldism" will be a broadening and a deepening and a humanizing of the spirit of sacrifice, which is the noblest element in our patriotism.

"But," you ask, "if the evolution of patriotism is inevitable, what have we to do with it? Why should we meddle with the course of nature?" We reply that the evolution must come through you. We are not "puppets jerked by unseen wires." "Consciousness," says Bergson, "is essentially free." Man the savage or man the philosopher—he alone can decide. Let him purify patriotism with Christianity and he has brotherhood; adulterate it with avarice and he has war. The evolution of patriotism is not a physical thing. Listen to Huxley: "Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process

at every step and the substitution for it of the ethical process." The evolution of patriotism, then, is a moral thing, and morality is man-made. We are men, but we can be supermen. We are patriots of a nation. We can be patriots of the world.

The evolution of patriotism is no theorist's dream. It is a palpable fact. The patriot of one age may be the scoundrel of the next. A turn of the kaleidoscope and Paul the convict trades places with Nero the emperor. Who was the ideal ancient patriot? The statesman, Pericles? The thinker, Plato? No. The most efficient murderer, a Macedonian boy. "I must civilize," he says. So he starts into his neighbor's country with forty thousand fighters at his back. Does Persia yield its banner? No? Then crush it. Does Thebes resist? Then burn it to the ground. Do the women prate of freedom? Load them with slave chains. What? Do they still hold out? Then slaughter the swine. And as men watch him wading through seas of blood, riding rough shod over prostrate lives and dead hopes and shattered empires, the blind age cries out, "O, Godlike Alexander!"

"Godlike!" Oh, but there's new meaning in that word today. How much nobler a picture our modern patriot presents! Not waving the brand of destruction, not a king of murder will you find the great patriot of today. His thunderbolt of conquest was a host of righteousness. His empire was built in the hearts of men. In the teeming slums of the world's greatest city he lifted the standard of the Christ. Haggard children stretched out hands for bread. He fed them with his last crust. Thousands were dying in the city's filth. He pointed them to a more Beautiful City, where pain should be no more. And when the body of William Booth was borne through the silent throngs of London streets a million heads were bowed in reverence to this patriot of a purer day. In every hamlet of civilization some heart called him godlike.

Is not the trend of patriotism clear? Are not the seeds of a new world loyalty already in our soul? The trumpet-call to war can never rouse this newer patriotism. The summons, "Peace on earth and good-will to men"—that is the future bugle-call. And for us the task is clear. To take our destiny into our own hands, to throw off the prejudices of nationalism, to turn our faces resolutely to the future and strive for that summit of brotherhood and universal peace, that

"One far-off divine event  
To which the whole creation moves."

## Justice the Basis of International Peace.

By Felix Adler, Ph. D.

Address at Mohonk Lake, May 16, 1913.

A Universal Races Congress was held in London two years ago. This congress was notable for the participation of eminent, practical statesmen. Sir Charles Dilke contributed a paper finished just before his death. Sir Sydney Olivier, governor of Jamaica, and Sir Charles Bruce, late governor of Mauritius, were prominent. Every European nation was represented—Hindus in large numbers, South Africans, West Indians, etc.

As a result, a permanent executive council was created in order to carry out the objects for which the congress had assembled. Of this council Lord Wear-dale is president, and as one of the American members I have been asked to give an account of its aims. Among these the following may be mentioned:

To promote a better appreciation on the part of each nation of such types of culture and civilization as differ from its own. Men do not willingly destroy what they admire. The destructive instincts which lead one nation to make war upon another may be weakened by promoting and understanding the art, the science, and, in general, the human values enshrined in foreign peoples.

To this end a popular literature of appreciation is to be widely disseminated—appreciations of Germany in England, of England in Germany, etc. Also there are to be exchange visits by the school teachers of different nations, since they directly influence the next generations. There have been exchange visits of parliamentarians, journalists, and professors. It is proposed to go a step beyond all this in the direction indicated.

2. To encourage the scientific study of the races and their special problems.

3. To promote experiments after the manner of the Batak Institution at Leiden, based on the principle that the backward races, instead of being exploited for the benefit of Europeans and Americans, are to be assisted in the development of a civilization of their own, in accordance with their natural opportunities and capacities.

One prominent statesman urged that European nations would benefit by humane more than by inhumane methods. It was exploitation still, by humane methods, to be assisted in the development of a civilization of their own in accordance with their natural opportunities and capacities. This is the point of my paper on which I wish chiefly to dwell. A new organ for the promotion of universal peace, supplementary to the Hague Tribunal, is to be created—a publicity bureau on a very wide scale, intended to secure the fairest hearing in the forum of the world's public opinion for the wrongs of oppressed subject nationalities within the sovereign nations.

This last point necessitates that I should take up the subject which I have announced—justice as the basis of peace. The conclusion which I wish to present, and which I place at the head and front of my paper, is entirely coincident with what President Eliot in his wisdom of utterance said to us this evening, namely, that an appeal to sentiment, the descriptions of cruelties of war, will not check the passions. Passion is ruthless and reckless, and, being violent, seeks an outlet in violence. Passion must be forestalled. Once aroused, it is as vain to try and prevent war and bloodshed as it would be to try and restrain Niagara at the brink of the cataract.

And the appeal to the pocket-book will not defeat those who are reckless of possession of material goods, nor those more limited groups who find in the midst of war it is not only the laws that are silent, but the guardians of righteousness that are apt to be off their guard. There are those who find it practicable that war should be. In my opinion, there is too much emphasis put on the sentimental appeal and the appeal to the pocket-book. I must admit, also, that I have lost something of my optimistic faith in the possibility of